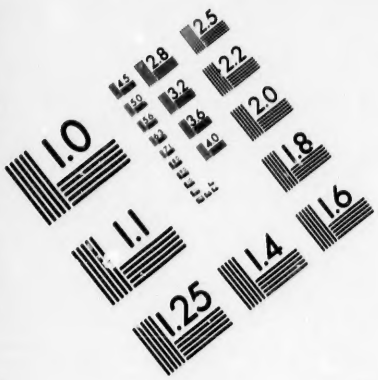

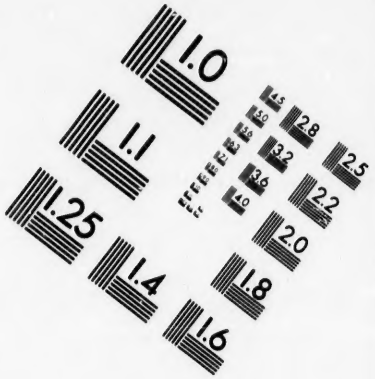

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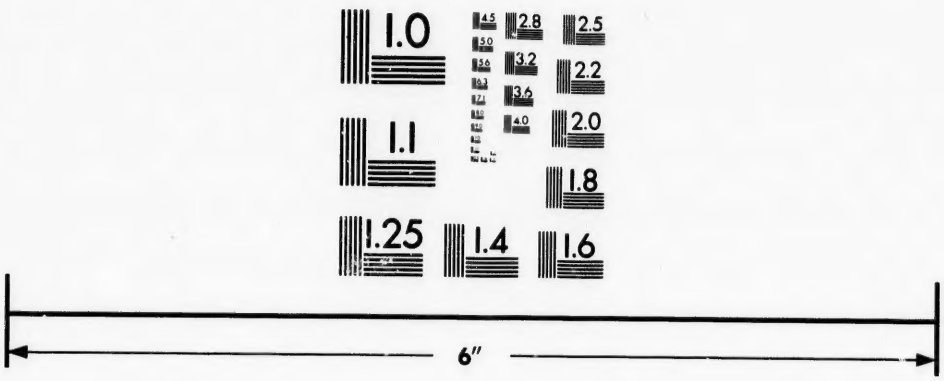

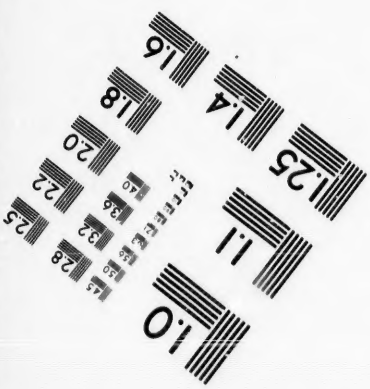

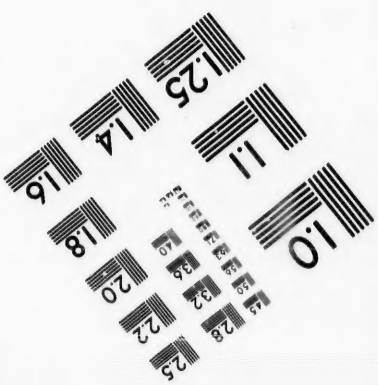

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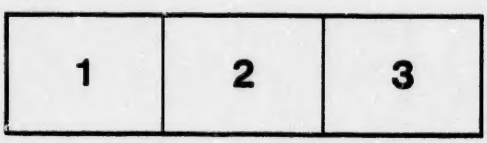

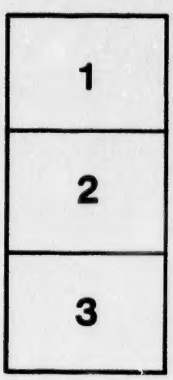

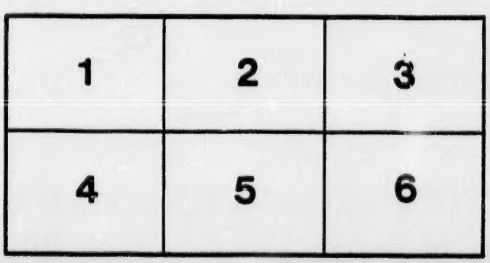

THE LONDON ARION CLUB

WILL GIVE THEIR

First Musical Evening

—IN—

VICTORIA HALL,

Wednesday, Feb'y 11th, 1885,

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The Committee have great pleasure in announcing the Engagement of the following Distinguished Artists:

MR. W. WAUGH LAUDER
Pianist.

MISS INEZ MECUSKER
(Of Buffalo)
Soprano.

DIRECTOR, - - MR. W. J. BIRKS.

DOORS WILL BE CLOSED DURING NUMBERS.

Free Press Printing Co., London, Ont.

PROGRAMME

PART I.

(a) "Bright Sword of Liberty,".....*C. M. von Weber*
(b) "Maiden, Listen,".....*C. F. Adam*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

True Sword, thy blade is gleaming,
And bright as sunbeam seeming;
Sword of the brave and free,
Bright Sword of Liberty, Hurrah!

The arm of right shall wield thee,
To despot never yield thee;
Thou our defence shalt be,
Bright Sword of Liberty, Hurrah!

True Sword, to slaves a stranger,
Of wrongs the stern avenger;
Thus shalt thou ever be,
Bright Sword of Liberty, Hurrah!

Shine thus, dark blade, for ever,
Subdued thou canst be never;
Thou shalt our war-cry be,
Bright Sword of Liberty, Hurrah!

Maiden, listen to the lute's soft music,
Gently floating on the evening breeze,
Lovely Luna's silver light is shining,
Through the verdure of the trees;
Guardian angels tending her in slumber,
Ye shall make love's image in her dreams.
Rise and hasten thither, airy visions,
Haste or e'er the rosy morning beams;
Should she ask you who had sent you to her,
Softly whisp'ring, name her faithful swain,
Give the kiss which love to you entrusted,
Straight her kisses bringing me again.

BALLAD—"Meeting and Parting,".....*P. la Villa*

MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Oh bright the sky above me,
And sweet the words you say,
You promise now to love me,
Till life's remotest day:
But time has many changes
And love may soon be o'er,
Some day we'll part as strangers,
To meet, ah, never more!

You clasp me to your bosom,
With kisses warm and sweet,
And life is in its blossom,
And joy and hope complete.
But charms are frail and fleeting,
And love has flown before,
In vain your soft reproving,
Tho' skies are summer fair;
The heart forgets its loving,
When winter chills the air,
Some day you'll scarce remember
The happy days of yore.

"On the March,".....*V. E. Becker*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Sing, gallant comrades all, with voices free and strong,
Who sings a merry song ne'er finds his journey long.
Left, right, march away; one, two, ever gay;
Man by man, that's the plan,
Tire we never can.
Ne'er sighing sadly, still singing gladly,
Gallant comrades, singing so,
To the world's end we'll go,
Ready, if we will, to travel further still.

Halt! There a pretty cottage see,
Underneath a shady tree;
Tarry here, foaming beer will our spirits cheer.
If a dainty lass we see,
Not the less content are we,
Though her smile, for awhile, may our hearts beguile.
Hollo ho, thus ever merry on we go,
Never sighing sadly, but still singing gladly.

PIANO SOLO—"The Grand March from the Opera Tannhauser,".....*Wagner-Liszt*

MR. W. WAUGH LAUDER.

(a) "Springtime,".....*L. van Beethoven*
(b) "Good-night, Beloved,".....*E. G. Monk*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Spring hither advanceth!
Her smiles of delight enliven the bowers,
From morning till night
Their minstrels with music salute her.

Spring waketh the flowers!
They catch from the dews and sunlighted showers
All day's glowing hues,
They dance and with fragrance salute her.

Spring bringeth abundance!
She floateth on gales o'er meadows and mountains,
And forests and vales,
And mortals rejoicing salute her.

Good night, good night, beloved,
I come to watch o'er thee;
To be near thee, beloved,
Alone is peace for me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers,
Good night, while I count the weary hours.

"Air with Variations,".....*Proch*

MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Oh! stelle amate che in ciel brillate
Voi sol d'amor radiate ognor
Deh! consolate l'amante cor
Radiate voi sol d'amor.

TRANSLATION.

O, love star beaming, like silver gleaming,
Illume my soul with cheering ray;
To thy pure splendor I tribute render,
Charm from my heart all grief away.
Thou love star beaming, like silver streaming,
Upon my soul with cheering ray,
O, silver star, illume my way.

PROGRAMME

PART II.

(a) "Now to the Forest,".....*Sir Henry R. Bishop*
(b) "Jack Frost,".....*J. L. Hatton*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Now to the forest we repair,
Awhile like spirits wander there;
In darkness we secure our prey,
And vanish at the dawn of day.

Who hath bound the deep, deep river?
Who hath made the old oak shiver?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow?
Who doth make the wild winds blow?
Sharp Jack Frost.

Who doth ride on the snowy drift,
When the night wind's keen and swift?
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Bent on mischief, who is he?
Sharp Jack Frost.

Who doth strike with icy dart
The wayworn trav'ler to the heart?
Who doth make the ocean wave,
The seaman's home, the seaman's grave?
Sharp Jack Frost.

Who doth prowl at midnight hour,
Like a thief around the door,
Through each crack and crevice creeping
Through the very key-hole peeping?
Sharp Jack Frost.

BALLAD—"Tit for Tat,".....*Henry Pontet*

MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

If you cross the hill, by my father's mill,
And walk along the fields about a mile,
By the willow copse, where the pathway stops,
You'll find a very high and awkward stile;
It has four high steps so widely set,
To cross it by myself I am afraid,
I never dare that way repair,
Unless at hand I've strong and friendly aid.
'Twas there one day in the month of May,
I met a loving lad,
And in my sweetest tones
I asked him would he mind, would he be so very kind,
As to help me over those four awkward stones?
He helped me one, he helped me two,
And then to my surprise he paused and said:
"Rose, I love you!" I only laughed;
"Rose, do you love me?" I said "Not I."
"Then stay where you are, sweetheart," said he,
And turned away without another word;
I could not get up or down in my fright,
What was I to do in such a sad and sorry plight?
"Come back, come back," I wildly cried,
"Come back I want to go to town,
"If you'll help me o'er the stile, you'll gain my sweetest smile,
"And perhaps I'll tell you more when I am down."
He helped me three, he helped me four,
Then with a laugh I bounded lightly o'er;
"Rose, what say you?" I only laughed;
"Rose, you promised." I said, "Not I."
I told him to stay where he was just then,
And tripped away without another word;
He did not get up, he did not go down,
But sat upon the stile, looking at me with a frown;
And if you cross the hill, and walk about a mile,
I think you'll find him sitting on that self-same stile.

(a) "Merry May,".....*Franz Abt*
(b) "Towers the Lofty Battlements Crowning,".....*H. Werner*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Rippling brook, what glads thee so,
Bubbling, leaping, murm'ring low,
Lightly throwing silv'ry spray,
O'er the banks so green and gay?
List'ning flow'rets all are waiting,
For the news I'm now relating,
Joyous May has now arrived.

Warbling larks in sunny rays,
Why so clear your joyful lays,
Singing, rising, ah, so high,
Out of ken of every eye?
We to heaven alone must bring it,
Yea, to list'ning clouds must sing it,
Joyous May has now arrived.

Why my heart dost beat so free,
Say, what fills thee so with glee,
Bounding as if far away,
Thou wouldst meet the coming day?
Let me beat with joy and pleasure,
Joys of freedom have no measure,
Now sweet May at last is come.

Towers the lofty battlements crowning,
Maidens, although with pride ever frowning,
Victory daring, efforts unsparing, amply repay.
Gaily the trumpets sound for recruiting,
Sound for our pleasures slashing and shooting,
Victory gaining, danger disdaining,
Maidens and walls by conquest obtaining,
These can our efforts amply repay,
Proudly the soldiers then march away.

Honor and freedom victory lending,
Peoples oppressed from tyrants defending,
Vengeance unsparing fall on the daring cause of the fray.
Then to the trumpet's summons attending,
Wrongs soon avenging, death is descending,
Though the defence is wild resolution,
Vainly offences brave retribution,
Nought the indignant champions can sway,
Proudly the soldiers then march away.

PIANO SOLO—"The Royal Polish Polonaise,".....*Chopin*

The pageant of Poland's king sweeping in stately procession up the aisle of the Cathedral.

MR. W. WAUGH LAUDER.

(a) "Dear Maid,".....*L. de Call*
(b) "The Equinox,".....*C. Kreutzer*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Dear maid, of Fortune's smiles beware,
Nor heed her flatt'ring tongue;
She lures thee off to haunts of care
Where sorrow fills the song.

Ah! what are all her piles of gold,
Can those old Care control?
Though splendor vast thine eyes behold,
'Twill ne'er inspire the soul.

To love alone thy homage pay,
The queen of true delight;
Her smiles of joy shall gild the day
And bless the dreams of night.

Hark! the storm, how it howls;
See the waves how they threaten destruction!
herald of joy!
blooming Springtime is near.

"Merci Diletti Amici,"—Sicilian Vespers.....*Verdi*

MISS INEZ MECUSKER.

Merci diletti amici,
Di quei leggia dri fior;
Il caro dono e immagine
Del vostro bel candor
Oh, fortunato il vincol
Che mi prepara amore
Se voi recate pronube
Voti felicial core
Merce del don
O caro, sogno o dolce ebbrezza
Dignato amor mi balza il cor
Celeste un aura gia respiro
Che tutti i sensi i mebbrio.

Oh, piagge di sicilia
Risplenda un di seren
Assai vendette orribili
Ti laceraro il sen
Di speme colma e immemore
Di quanto il cor soffri
Il giorno del mio guibillo
Sia di tue glorie il di
Gra disco il don di questi fior.

To all, dear loyal friends, I render
The tribute of my heart,
To me the votive flowers ye tender
A nameless joy impart;
Oh, welcome, hallowed power
Of love, whose chain hath bound me,
And wreaths in this sweet hour
Your grateful smiles around me.
Dear loyal friends,
How welcome all.
For never again shall fear or sorrow
Hope's radiant vision chase away,
But ever will a happier morrow
For love await each happy day.

Sicilia! yet victorious
Thine arm may I behold,
Again in freedom glorious
And potent as of old;
Elate with hope, forgetting all
Thy agony and shame,
My day of triumph shall recall
Thine own heroic fame.
Aye, loyal friends,
How welcome all.

"Arion Waltz,".....*F. A. Vogel*

THE LONDON ARION CLUB.

Hark, hark, now rumbles the bass,
Now haste the dancers to place,
Then haste to the dance.
Dearest maiden dance with me,
Canst thou refuse me? wilt thou not choose me?
Come, O come, and join the dance,
While we enjoy it may, let us be gay.
What were the world without dance?
Circling round in mazy dance,
Flashing eyes with pleasure glance,
Making rapture, joy, heave every breast.
From those lips so smiling,
All my heart beguiling,
Could I snatch one fond kiss, bliss indeed were mine.

Dearest maiden, dance ever with me,
Thou, my loveliest maiden,
With charms richly laden,
With thee, mine alone, can I happy be.
Soon ends the ball; dance one and all,
Dance, yes, dance.
Now the festive dance is o'er,
Grant, sweet enslaver, only one favor,
But one rose—I'll ask no more,
Give me as pledge of thine thou wilt be mine.
Now the gay, festive hour at an end,
Let us homeward wend.
And to each one a parting Good-night,
Fare thee well. Good-night.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Mr. W. Waugh Lauder has consented to play Miss Mecusker's accompaniments.

First Tenor.

Messrs. J. I. Anderson. Geo. Hayes. Wm. Lewis.
J. A. Muirhead. W. E. Saunders.

Second Tenor.

Messrs. A. H. Green. Fred. Raymond. A. Screaton.
Thos. Telfer. John Ward.

First Bass.

Messrs. H. Bapty. Thos. Hook. A. McQueen.
Thos. Reid. A. P. Saunders.

Second Bass.

Messrs. F. H. Coles. F. A. H. Fysh. H. S. Saunders.
C. Stockwell. Geo. Winlow.

President: Mr. W. E. Saunders.
Vice-President: Mr. Geo. Hayes.
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The Steinway Grand Piano used on this occasion is kindly furnished from the Toronto Warerooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer.